New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1921

Owned by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Published daily. Ogden Reid, President; G. Vernor Rogers, Vice-President; Helen Rogers Reid, Secretary; R. E. Manfield, Treasurer; Address, Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone, Beekman 3000.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—By mail, including Postage. IN THE UNITED STATES.

By Mail, Postpaid.	One Year	Six Months	One Month
Daily and Sunday	$12.00	$6.00	$1.00
One week, 30c.			
Daily only	10.00	5.00	.85
One week, 25c.			
Sunday only	4.00	2.25	.40
Sunday only, Canada	6.00	3.25	.55
FOREIGN RATES			
Daily and Sunday	$26.00	$13.30	$2.40
Daily only	17.40	8.70	1.45
Sunday only	9.75	4.12	.86

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

GUARANTY

You can purchase merchandise advertised in THE TRIBUNE with absolute safety—for if dissatisfaction results in any case THE TRIBUNE guarantees to pay your money back upon request. No red tape. No quibbling. We make good promptly if the advertiser does not.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news of spontaneous origin published herein.

All rights of republication of all other matter herein also are reserved.

Mingo

In the presence of armed insurrection a civilized democratic government does not argue. It acts.

When there are deliberate rejection of public law and persistent efforts to substitute private wishes therefor a government does not parley. It suppresses.

So President Harding's proclamation to the armed bands which are terrorizing the Mingo district of West Virginia, demanding of them immediate dispersal, will be overwhelmingly supported by public opinion. In almost the same region, facing a similar defiance of law, Washington, as our first President, brought the Whisky Rebellion to a speedy end.

Where lie the merits in West Virginia's protracted industrial disturbance it is not necessary to explore at this time. It is enough to know that against men peaceably at work others with weapons in their hands are marching, and that West Virginia's Governor confesses that he is unable to provide protection. The President's action, coerced as he is by a provision of the Constitution as wise as it is explicit, is automatic.

When order is restored, when the marchers arrive once more at their homes wholesomely free of the notion that the law does not bind them and they may violate at pleasure the rights of others, then, of course, will come serious consideration of whether or not they have grievances. But first there must be acknowledgment of the law's supremacy—of a law made in the interest of all, and not the selfish creation of a few.

Having acted prudently by moving promptly, before collisions occurred and passions were inflamed, the President will doubtless win for public authority a bloodless victory. Men have been betrayed into insurgency by listening to the alien doctrine that the law is an enemy. They will recover from their folly and realize that the nation's chief was their best friend when he stopped them. The law is a jealous master, tolerates no rival in its civil worship. Only so can it secure that equality of right which is the average man's safeguard against injustice.

A French Anniversary

It is difficult for Americans of the generation of the A. E. F. to appreciate that the French "Third Republic" completed its first half century in the world only yesterday. More difficult still is it to realize that often during this period there was serious talk of a monarchical restoration. So firmly fixed is France in the ways of the republic to-day, so unconscious in its sense of democracy, that it is almost impossible to realize that the claims of the Orleans, Bourbon or Bonaparte pretenders were long widely supported.

Americans know, of course, that in operation the French Republic differs from ours. Frequent changes of Cabinet, bitter personal quarrels, violent partisan strife seem to be characteristics of republicanism in France. At first they were treated as indications that France was not fitted for self-government. But as the republic survived repeated shocks these extravagances were accepted as part of the order of the day, and a change of Cabinet was no longer considered a crisis. To-day they are recognized as merely disturbances on the surface, and they are discounted at home and abroad.

The success of the French Republic is due not alone to the schooling of the French people in self-government, but largely to the inherent common sense of the French people. Sound at heart, simple and intensely patriotic, the men of France, the small farmers, the small tradespeople, the small capitalists are little disturbed by the gyrations of the politicians. They believe in a proper measure of equality and fraternity tempered by liberty, and yet they recognize the importance of authority.

They are the backbone of the French Republic. And the soundness and success of the republic are due to the fact that these people have learned to appreciate the value of self-government and to realize that there is a mean between radicalism such as swept France in 1793 and the despotism of a monarchy or empire. This mean they have found and will preserve. Republicanism is firmly intrenched in France. She sought to have a republic by proclamation and constitutional short cuts, but human nature would not allow this and demanded a century as elbow room for real progress.

Of Such Is Hylanism

A spectacle, indeed, to fill and engage the eye of the town was that provided yesterday at the hearing of the legislative investigating committee—the Markets Commissioner quitting the witness stand rather than meet the charges of corruption and graft and chicane resting upon his department! Having been compelled to sign a waiver of immunity, O'Malley knew and his counsel knew that any testimony given by him under such circumstances would be available to the state in any proceeding it might desire to undertake. So his counsel, seeing him pressed by the investigators, bade him be silent. And O'Malley, who had clamored for his day in court and an opportunity to be heard in defense of himself and his administration of the Markets Department, chose, as was his constitutional right, to accept that advice.

The act speaks for itself. So does the act of the counsel in chief of the investigators in forwarding to the public prosecutor a transcript of the evidence which has been adduced by him concerning O'Malley's administration of his department.

But let not the public forget that there is more than that to this scandal. All that has been dragged into the light and recorded of bribery and corruption and maladministration could not have been, could not be, save for Hylanism.

And how mean it is! Of what meanness is Hylanism capable! It boasts of its sympathy and interest in the poor, and it stands unmasked as a profiteer in their foodstuffs—an exploiter of their market places!

The Markets Department was conceived as a division of the municipal government primarily to help the poor and cheapen the cost of living. It was planned to provide stands and stalls at such nominal rentals and under such regulations as would enable those of limited means to purchase the necessaries of life at prices forbidden by other forms of private distribution. It was to be the haven of the housewife who not only has to count the noses around her board but the dimes in her pocketbook.

The while, however, that the housewife was counting her dimes and wondering why the prices of her bread and meat and fish did not come down, but instead kept soaring, she was being betrayed. For every dollar of graft that passed she in turn paid back to the bribers in the cost of her purchases—in the price of her daily bread.

What surpassing meanness is this!

Properly Labeled

"The Conference for the Limitation of Armaments" is to be the official designation of the meeting in Washington in November.

The title is well chosen. To call it the "Disarmament Conference" was to be guilty of the Wilsonian practice of vainly promising. It would too much raise millennial hopes.

To call it the "Armament Conference" would also be misleading, for it would imply a possible increase in armaments. To call it the "Pacific Conference" would also be unsatisfactory, for it would too much stress geography.

A misleading label is dangerous. Much of the harm of Mr. Wilson's catchwords lay in the fact that they were delusive. They sounded well, but raised false hopes. They implied a sudden attainment of heavenly perfection, and naturally were followed by disillusion, strife and bitterness.

In the case of the conference on the limitation of armaments it is just as well to be clear from the start. While striving to attain the ideal, which in the present case is considered by many to be complete disarmament, we must remember that this can only be achieved step by step. The greatest possible cut in armaments is, of course, to be hoped for. But it is folly not to realize that the question is one of the degree of limitation or reduction that can be reached at present. Senator Borah, true to his traditions, suggests that all the battleships of Great Britain, France and the United States be taken out and sunk together in the deepest part of the ocean, to the tune of "Down Went McGinty." In so doing the distinguished Senator has out-Bryaned Bryan, who pictured a million farmers, with pitchforks to repel the invaders, flow to the seashore in flivvers. Mr. Bryan at least recognized that steel and iron were of some use, while Senator Borah's attitude is that of the Sullivan law.

The voices of pacifists, visionaries and the Bolshevists who glory in Lenine's military victories but damn America's defense will, of course, clamor loudly at any signs of compromise with the facts of a sordid world. But progress is necessarily step by step, and no one by loud shouts that this shouldn't be so can change this law of life.

The Mother of Nineteen

The correspondence of President Harding, John Wanamaker and Mrs. Domenico Zaccahea, mother of nineteen, is so creditable to all the participants that comparisons may well be avoided. But if choice must be made, here goes one ballot to Mrs. Zaccahea. The promptness with which she sought a better job for her husband suggests how it happens that the numerous Zaccaheas are able to thrive on $20 a week. New York has at least one head of a family not guilty of the offense which the Bible says is worse than being an infidel.

Time has brought changes in the ideals of the ancient institution of motherhood. In the three interesting letters may be observed what may be called a strong civilian note.

The Zaccahea boys and girls are to work and to get on by honest toil rather than to become soldiers or priests or feudal gentlemen. Yet it is little more than a century since Mme. de Stael, when she asked Napoleon whom he regarded as the greatest woman in the world, received the repiy: "Madame, the mother who has reared the most sons for my armies."

But though there is a shift in maternal objectives there is none in aspirations. Mrs. Zaccahea would have a larger income so as to have "an opportunity to bring the younger children to maturity with a better education." So through all the ages mothers have worked and planned. Yet against those trained in mutual helpfulness and having an alma mater at home what chance has a boy or a girl whose education is artificial? It is not by accident that America's leaders come from among the Zaccaheas.

The Davis Monument

The erection of a stately obelisk in memory of Jefferson Davis to mark his birthplace attracts little attention. Yet not long ago protests would have been voluminous and forceful. Great has been the change. Multitudes who once would have frowned upon the shaft will now regard it with a degree of approbation, as denoting not so much glorification of an attempted secession as confirmation of a perpetual and indissoluble Union.

Jefferson Davis was for many years an eminent and respected public servant of the United States, gallant in war, wise in council, capable in administration and pure in character, and for four years was the head of a government of a great people—a government which, no matter how much or how justly we may condemn it as unlawful, did exist *de facto*, exercised all the functions of government and commanded our own recognition as a belligerent power. Such a career bulks large in American history and is not unworthy of commemoration.

Years ago, largely by the votes of New England and the old Free States, the name of Robert E. Lee was inscribed by the side of that of Ulysses S. Grant in the Hall of Fame for Great Americans. When that was done the last barrier of partition between what were once the discordant sections of our common country was broken down.

Now, after two-thirds of a century, it is profitable to recall that the two great civilian protagonists of our domestic conflict both sprang from the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky, only a few miles apart in space and less than a year apart in time. To the one the whole nation has paid such memorial tributes as not more than one other in all its history has known. To the other the nation will not begrudge such monumental honors as his native state may bestow. When Horace Greeley signed the bail bond of Jefferson Davis great was the burst of wrath against him. He happened to be in spirit something more than half a century ahead of his time.

Poets

In common with the published information about the advanced age of so many of our business and professional men of the present period comes the news from England that British poets are now living much longer than of yore. We have with us at present, for example, Thomas Hardy (eighty-two), Austin Dobson (eighty-one), Robert Bridges (seventy-seven), Edward Gosse (seventy-two) and Sir William Watson (sixty-three), as against the same number of poets at the beginning of the last century: Henry Kirke White (twenty-one), John Keats (twenty-six), Shelley (thirty), Lord Bryon (thirty-six) and Thomas Hood (forty-seven).

Can it be said that our own American poets are enjoying the same immunity from the inroads of time that is thus apparent in England? And is this, after all, not unlike the old game which began with the direction "first catch your rabbit"? Edgar Allan Poe is the only poet duly acknowledged to be such by foreign critics, unless we admit also Walt Whitman. Poe lived to be forty and Whitman lived to be over seventy.

There are undoubtedly among us great numbers of so-called poets. Much of their work is more pleasing than some of that of the oldtimers. Edwin Arlington Robinson is a good poet. So is Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. Miss Amy Lowell, in her simpler moments, is interesting. But a century hence will statisticians be comparing these poets, and many others who are now more or less in that tenuous circle known as "the public eye," with those who come later? How many of them will be known as Keats is now known?

Our Trade With Venezuela

Of Much Larger Volume Than With Paraguay and Bolivia

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In a recent issue of The Tribune a letter was published from Francis B. Purdie in which the writer seemed to state by implication that the trade of Venezuela with the United States is of lesser volume than that of Paraguay and Bolivia.

Of course, exactly the contrary is true. According to the figures of the United States Department of Commerce for 1919, the latest available, Venezuela that year bought $14,429,202 of goods from the United States. During the same year the imports of Paraguay from the United States amounted to $894,271, while this country exported $4,771,177 to Bolivia.

There is the same disparity when we come to examine the figures for exports from those three countries to the United States. In 1919, still according to the figures of the United States Department of Commerce, exports from Venezuela to this country amounted to $32,110,785. The corresponding figures for Paraguay were $1,031,414 and for Bolivia $2,434,750.

E. ARROYO LAMEDA.
Venezuelan Commercial Attaché.
New York, Aug. 30, 1921.

"A Shadow on Justice"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I admired your fine editorial "A Shadow on Justice." I once heard E. J. Phelps, Ambassador to England under President Cleveland, state in a lecture on law at Yale that when the poor man realized he could not get the same justice in the courts as the rich man the republic would never survive.

ARTHUR H. BEATY.
Grace Church Rectory, Cortland, N. Y., Aug. 30, 1921.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your article "A Shadow on Justice," published in Tuesday's Tribune, sure did hit the truth. If Brandon's death was the result of a miscarriage of justice, who will shoulder the blame? More power to The Tribune.

W. HERBERT COOK.
New York, Aug. 30, 1921.

Women's Overseas League Aid

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I am greatly interested in the plight of the overseas woman volunteer whose letter appeared in your issue of August 26. There are, I know, a number of women, now disabled, who served in France with the A. E. F., who have struggled to secure adequate compensation against government red tape, or welfare organization red tape, with incomplete success.

However, the American Women's Overseas League is alive to this problem. Through a newly formed service committee, national in scope, it is endeavoring to do for disabled service women what the American Legion has done for disabled soldiers.

I suggest that the writer of the letter published under the caption "Nothing But Decorations" communicate with Miss Mary Bogart, secretary of the league, at 150 East Thirty-fifth Street. She will find one group of persons, at least, who have not forgotten the war.

HARRIET HOUGHTON.
Elmdale, Lunenburg, Mass., Aug. 29, 1921.

Is Singing a Lost Art?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: To the excellent letter "Questioning Vocal Teachers," by Douglas Stanley, in your issue of August 29, let me add that we are now face to face with a serious predicament in the singing world, for there are no new singers capable of carrying on the work of those who have left the field. There are plenty of good voices, and innumerable students and aspirants for high honors, but none has the equipment necessary to hold the pace demanded of first favorites.

This is not only a local condition, for impresarios are now scouring the world in vain for artists capable of sustaining principal rôles. In singing the mechanics of sound must be understood and applied to the vocal instrument. In the old days singers were given sound musical training by great masters. But when musical training was supplanted by arbitrary theories of tone production, the mischief began which is now reaching its culmination in depriving the world of vocal artists.

J. LANDSEER MACKENZIE.
New York, Aug. 30, 1921.

Bonuses and Bonuses

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Will your correspondent who writes on "The Legion and the Bonus" kindly answer these questions:

What about the thousands of ex-service men out of employment, many of whom are married and have families? These men may not be disabled, but many are broken in health as the result of a hard campaign. This all happened while most of their countrymen were home enjoying the best salaries they ever received, and bonuses included, far away and safe from the whiz-bangs, gas and what not. What about the government employees in Washington and in the various navy yards and elsewhere who received bonuses?

O. L.
Ex-Doughboy, 2d Division.
New York, Aug. 31, 1921.

A Unanimous Choice

(From The Providence Journal)

The interested citizen doesn't care so much what tongue is designated as official for the disarmament conference as that it may speak the language of peace without hesitating or equivocating.

The Conning Tower

SPEAKING INDEPENDENTLY

The city's voice is full of pride.
In shrieks and roars and jolts and jars,
It sings of wealthy folk who ride
About its streets in motor cars.
It brags and boasts from sun to sun;
It cries its wonders rich and gay.
But I would sell them, every one,
For hills that rise to greet the day.

The city's aspect, too, is proud.
It rears its pinnacles on high
To scrape the drifting summer cloud.
Its lights affront the midnight sky.
Its flashing incandescents tell
The merits great of drinks and gum.
But every last one I would sell
For moonlight when the hawk-moths hum.

For where triumphant buildings leap
To heights unknown by other towers,
By night a thousand scrub and sweep
From streets the filth of daylight hours,
And where the great signs wink and blaze
To mock the dawning of the morrow
A million people go their ways
From sordid sorrow on to sorrow.

Oh, braggart city by the sea!
Oh, blatant, tawdry, tinsel town!
This hymn of hate I sing of thee,
Oh, siren in a drabbled gown!
I would emancipated be,
From vain and gaudy lures I'd go
To climes where skies are clear and free
For—well, at most two weeks or so.

"I see in the papers," says Uncle Abimelech Bogardus, of Preakness, N. J., "where Tammany is kickin' about the new votin' machines. Gosh, you can't blame 'em when you think how well the old one has worked for them!"

F. F. V.—In the case of Fall vs. Summer, in which, as you noted, service of eviction seems to have been made, indications at this writing are that Summer intends to put up a hot fight.

WEINIE.

Alas, alack! We never write
A jest about the weather,
Except to find that overnight
It's transformed altogether.

Dear Sir: Reluctant to butt in, but an unmistakable reference to Raisuli and Morocco bindings was made by B. L. T. in "Puck" in the summer of 1904. As somebody remarked to Queen Victoria at the conclusion of the first America's Cup race: "There is no second, your majesty."

A. H. F.

And woe is us! We print a joke
To make the public roar.
And don't they though! A dozen folk
Cry "That's been done before!"

Still, why should we repine when we've got another scene for our precedent-shattering novel all worked out?

Bright and late some morning the villain is going to attempt a gentle assault upon the hero, compressing him senseless to the pavement, where he will lie with his breath coming in long pants. He will be carried to a far-distant drug store for treatment. And when the heroine learns that his wounds are not fatal her face will ascend. The doctor's bill, however, will amount to an untidy sum.

And who could despair even on a day like this, when Ireland has returned to normalcy?

To My Dog

You were the finest gentleman
I ever knew,
Of excellence accorded but
A vagrant few;
I was your only thought;
To me you gave
Your very all in all,
My willing slave.
To-day beside your lonely
Grave I wept,
And you, unknowing,
All unmindful—slept.
I left behind a little
Prayer for you.
The very finest gentleman
I ever knew.

RUTH IRVING CONNER.

The prohibition enforcement agent is about to set a new "mopping up squad" at work here, and we can use a couple of them right away to preserve the integrity of our collar.

Phonographic Declaratives and Imperatives

(Culled by Roy Luxenberg from his record cabinet)

Where the Lazy Mississippi Flows—I Lost My Heart to You.

Suwanee River Moon—Held Fast in a Baby's Hands.

Love Me—Underneath the Palms—Margie.

Oh, Promise Me—I Love You truly.

My Last Dollar—I'm Gonna Quit Saturday.

Lead Kindly Light—I Need Thee Every Hour.

The morgue has been offered by the Dock Department to the New York Yacht Club, and we don't blame the Mail Truck Drivers' Association if it raises a cry of favoritism.

F. F. V.: Even if one doesn't work for a living, why bemoan the "Out of Order" escalator at Park Place subway station when the stairway can give you an additional thrill by making you lose all sense of direction, also your wind and temper?

A. B. S.

And if they don't fix it pretty soon, we're going to steal their darned old sign and wear it ourself.

"Swears O'Malley Got $1,500 Cash Under Pressure," says a "World" headline.

The pressure, obviously, driving it deeper into the Meyer.

F. F. V.

NOW IF THEY ONLY DON'T MOVE AGAIN BEFORE WE GET THERE

Books

By Percy Hammond

To one who has just met Hall Caine for the first time (through "The Master of Man") Mr. Caine seems to be a pleasant old gentleman of generous inclinations, bent on making you happy by telling you long stories of his pet Isle.

As you meet him, through "The Master of Man," you feel that he is glad to make your acquaintance. He asks you to sit with him on the piazza of his house at Baldromma, or wherever it is; he settles back in his easy chair, crossing his thin legs, and straightway he begins to entertain you.

After a while you grow a little restless with the recital, it is so excited and overflowing, so droning and sedative. Though interested, you feel that you have had enough for the time, and you try to change the topic. Mr. Caine persists, hospitably. Preoccupied, you skip an episode or two, and try to think of other things. At a pause which seems propitious you rise and walk to the other end of the portico, and express an admiration for the view of the sea or the fragrance of the gorse. Mr. Caine follows you, resuming his tale with gestures. Finally you decide that you are in for it, that Mr. Caine has asked you to Baldromma solely for the purpose of talking at you, and that, after all, it is very good talk of its kind.

* * *

Five million copies of Mr. Caine's works have been sold, which is 4,000,000 fewer than the circulation of the novels of Gene Stratton Porter. Mr. Caine's books are longer than those of Mrs. Porter, and it is believable that he has disposed of more words than she has. Those things, of course, are of interest only to publishers and librarians. A glance over Mr. Caine's descriptive catalog will show that in most of his books he strikes great blows for righteousness. The troubled lives of the principal characters in "The Master of Man" and in several other novels by Mr. Caine are distinguished by sin, by suffering therefor, by vast renunciation and a great redeeming at the end.

There is in them the explicable misstep, the subsequent Gethsemane, the overcome temptation to evade responsibility, and the voluptuous agonies of abnegation. His man rôles, usually persons of prominence in the community, seem always to be rushing feverishly up to the constables and crying out: "Arrest me, for I have sinned!" The constables, having known him, man and boy, these thirty years, decline to do so, and he has to try and to try again. Eventually he succeeds, and upon his trembling shoulders they adjust the pale martyr's shirt of fire. Actual acquaintance of Mr. Caine and his stories errs, perhaps, in this omnibus classification. One of the many disadvantages of newspaper book-reviewing is that it interferes so much with one's reading.

* * *

The chief actor in "The Master of Man" is Victor Stowell, son of the old Deemster. At the beginning Victor is the patrician schoolboy who receives with a curl of the lip and a shrug of the shoulder the punishment for a scandalous misdemeanor performed by a pal. Victor is a manly, handsome fellow who develops later the male's vigorous weakness for the female of its kind. She is not the woman thou gavest him, for Fenella, the Governor's daughter, occupies that position. But she is Bessie, a buxom peasant girl, big bosomed, with hot eyes and scarlet lips and full of a latent cosmic urge.

One stormy night upon the Isle of Man Victor finds Bessie wandering, desolate, in a heavy rain, since she had been ejected from her home by her unreasonable step-parent. Not knowing where to take her to keep her from getting wet, Victor ingenuously suggested his chambers as a place in which to talk it over. They went there, but it grew rainier and rainier, and after Bessie had removed her blouse to dry it before the fire it seemed to grow even more rainy. Her skirt was damp, and for fear that she would take pneumonia it was removed, as was her muslin petti-frock, and thrown over the back of a chair, as Doris's skirt was likewise festooned in George Moore's hotel at Orelay, decorating it. Nature was against them in every way, from hostile thunder on the outside to white arms, gleaming shoulders and inclination on the inside.

* * *

Victor made of Bessie, as Mr. Huneker described it in "Painted Veils," a woman; and from that spontaneous creation grew, as they did from a similar impulse in the earth's beginning, a divine Remorse and Deluge.

Bessie's child died, and she was accused of infanticide, with Victor, the babe's parent, as the judge upon the bench. Victor was so upright a jurist that he permitted her to be condemned to death. But, to enable her thereafter to escape from prison and the gallows, he doffed his ermine for a convict's stripes, and at the finish he was doing a stretch, as they call it in Ossining, with Fenella, the governor's lovely daughter, by his side, she having been appointed, at her parent's request, to the position of lady warder in the gaol.

Mr. Caine goes with you to your returning boat. He is still talking as you sail away. "Listen," he seems to be calling, "fishermen sometimes see a golden cross plainly outlined in the sky above the penitentiary wherein Victor and Fenella are incarcerated. Redemption, happiness."——(Lippincott.)

"Some One Else's"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Nearly time to cry quits on the "some one else's" question, but as long as people can miss the point so easily I am constrained to add my bit.

L. C. asks why not "each's other throat" or "one's another caps." Because as a matter of fact the throats and caps belonged to one *another*. The sentences mean, respectively "each went at the other's throat" and "each one grabbed the other's cap." It was actually the other's cap or throat. But in the expression "some one's else" it is some one's thing, the else being added to show that it was a different person than has just been referred to. Else means besides, or in addition. We would not say "some one besides's" or "some one in addition's."

There is no sense to some one else's, but I think it should be allowed, like "he won't" for "he will not," as a colloquialism.

H. BAXTER LIEBLER.
Riverside, Conn., Aug. 28, 1921.

A Different Proposition

(From The Philadelphia North American)

The English language is to be made compulsory in the common schools of Germany. This is a change from the proposition to make the German language compulsory in the common schools of the rest of the world.

Anonymity Out of Date?

Reader Who Does Not Take Kindly to "Immortals of Obscurity"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Generally I am in perfect accord with The Tribune's editorials. I think they say the right things in the right way, and if I happen to hold a different view I promptly revise it, or drop it and adopt that of The Tribune. But I cannot do this in connection with the article "Immortals of Obscurity" in your issue of August 29.

Anonymity on the part of the authors of "The Glass of Fashion," "The Mirrors of Downing Street" and "The Mirrors of Washington" does not seem to me to be a virtue. My impression on reading "The Mirrors of Downing Street" and "The Mirrors of Washington" (I haven't read "The Glass of Fashion" yet) was that the authors had done something which they naturally suspected would not add to their popularity, so their identity was withheld. They possessed details and experiences that a gossip-loving, uncharitable public would swallow greedily. I can't think for a minute that modesty is responsible for this anonymous authorship. The method and spirit displayed suggest no modesty.

Making due allowance for the satire, ever a welcome and wholesome element in literature which the years and events they cover may arouse, there is an acidity and spite running through their pages bred only in persons whose "noses are out of joint."

Who wrote the books? I suppose these men and women who are on the inside of literary matters know, but we of the rank and file do not. And in our discussions with our friends we are accusing every British author we know, from Bernard Shaw to Sir Philip Gibbs, of being "A Gentleman With a Duster," and all of the Washington newspaper correspondents have to shoulder responsibility for "The Mirrors of Washington." There is a woman of my acquaintance that I shall never like so well again, because she insists it is the work of Irvin S. Cobb.

Whatever we may think of Margot Asquith's "Autobiography" and Colonel Repington's "Diary," we must acknowledge these authors had the courage of their pens and boldly backed up what they had written, throwing no suspicion on the rest of literary England.

Pen names and anonymous authorship, long out of fashion, were never anything but a silly affectation. Now we know who and what our authors are, as we have every right to know, even if we do get a surfeit of them at times. The only desirable "Immortals of Obscurity" we possess are our editorial writers, and I hope some time their real names will be affixed to their articles and not remain exclusively the property of the newspapers until they die and get an obituary notice of a column or two.

GRACE E. EMERSON.
Norwalk, Conn., Aug. 30, 1921.

Taxing State Securities

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Some of your correspondents hail with joy, apparently, the proposed taxation of state and municipal securities now being agitated in Congress.

Do the advocates of the measure realize that the class chiefly affected would be women—widows and single—whose small incomes have been so invested to afford a safe return and who have never dreamed a government would arise to sweep aside all guaranties and promises of exemption?

FAIR PLAY.
Princeton, N. J., Aug. 28, 1921.